

Sunrise

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/42667644) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/42667644>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	魔道祖师 - 墨香铜臭 Módào Zǔshī - Mòxiāng Tóngxiù
Relationship:	Wei Ying Wei Wuxian & Wen Ruohan
Characters:	Wei Ying Wei Wuxian, Wen Ruohan
Additional Tags:	Wei Ying Wei Wuxian is a Wen, He Finally Get It, Sworn Brothers Wen Ruohan & Wei Ying, Time Travel Fix-It, But After Fix-It is done, Mentions of Character Death, Communication, Understanding, Brotherly Affection, Halloween Special, Trick or Treat: Treat, Jiang Family Bashing (Modao Zushi), Yu Ziyuan Bashing, Jiang Cheng Jiang Wanyin Bashing, Good Person Wen Ruohan
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of Warm Ghost
Collections:	Qqqqqq115
Stats:	Published: 2022-10-31 Words: 1,664 Chapters: 1/1

Sunrise

by [Nika_Raven_Celeste](#)

Summary

The clock tick and once again. On the fateful day, this time too, a deviation (miracle) once again happens.

Let's talk in equal grounds. You and I.

Leave behind the past. Put to the rest the ghost of days long gone by. It's now the time to move forward. Just like sunrise marks the dawn of the new day.

(Written to celebrate Wei Ying's birthday and Halloween: Treat Edition)

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

“Wei-xiong.”

Wei Ying blinked and put up his sunny smile. “Good morning Zhuliuxiong.” He greets. “Is Wen Lin inside?”

“Yes. Zonzhu is inside.” Wen Zhuliuxiong nodded. “Are you two going for a walk?”

“He did promise me.”

“...are you sure you don’t need guards?”

“No offense, Zhuliuxiong, but who brave enough, or rather *suicidal*, to make attempt on our lives?”

“Point taken.”

Wei Ying is one of the best cultivators of his generation. Both in Cultivation and skill. Militaristic and gentleman arts. There are good long records of Night Hunts that prove his reputation is not a mere hearsay.

As for Wen Ruohan, well, he is THE Sect Leader and Clan Head of Qishan Wen, and the Strongest Cultivator currently alive. It would take at least half of battalion of high skilled cultivators to even wear him down.

Well... common cultivators with orthodox path, that is~

Wei Ying is confident he can take Wen Ruohan by surprise with Demonic Cultivation and fight in equal footing for, maybe half a Ke or so, before someone between them have to give in. mostly Wei Ying.

Well, he has Golden Core. Of course, he doesn’t dabble much in Demonic Cultivation beyond scribbling ideas and theories. Why would he do something that could hurt or even take away his precious fruit of hard works? Especially when nothing is on the line?

“Di.” Wei Ying blinked out of his stupor. “Are you daydreaming on me?”

“Haha... you know me, Lin-ge.” Wei Ying grinned and scratched the back on his head. “Easily lost my head in the clouds.”

Clouds, heh. He wonders how is Lan Zhan doing now.

Wen Ruohan rolled his eyes good naturedly. “Don’t be distracted when riding sword, or A-Qing will really use you as dummy for acupuncture class.”

“A-ahahahaha... n-noted.” Wei Ying pales.

Getting stabbed by the needles *suck!* If he’s the dummy, he will have many needles stuck on him and he can’t move until the class is over! No way! No way! Absolutely no way! Wei

Ying will never submit himself into that torture unless dog is involved!

Thus Wei Ying have no choice but keep his mind focused as he took out his sword and rode it, following Wen Ruohan's lead. Even if he know where they are heading to.

After all, it was a familiar sword track, heading to a place Wei Ying very familiar with.

Yiling Region.

Particularly, this one village that is located the closest to the Burial Mounds.

Wei Ying's second home.

Unexpectedly, his heart ache only a little when they landed down, and the townsfolk greets them familiarly.

"Ah, Xiao Ying and Wen-xiong!" A granny greeted. "It has been so long."

"Indeed it is." Wen Ruohan bowed. "Things get quite... troublesome."

"Whelp, what can you expect?" Uncle who sells Radish laughed. "Cultivators really like to make small things big! It was as if they can't go a day without picking fight with each other!"

Wei Ying tried his best to keep his jaw from hanging down. Uncle! Uncle! Are you for real?! This is Wen Ruohan you're talking to! Have some self-preservation! You can't blurb out the truth like that!

Aigooo! Now he understands why he used to get so much stink eye! He can't believe he used to do this kind of faux pass left and right! He was such an unruly child!

"Pffttt..."

Huh?

Wen Ruohan... is laughing?

"Well, you are not wrong." He smirked slightly. "These faux aristocrats seemingly have nothing better to do with their time than engaging in petty word fight."

"Right?!"

Wei Ying almost can't believe Wen Ruohan would disparage himself. Aren't you one of these so-called faux-aristocrats who engage in petty word fights?! Who was it again who keeps picking verbal war with other sect leaders whenever Discussion Conference is taking place?! Don't think Wei Ying won't notice you take a habit of bullying others through words!

Argh! This incorrigible sworn brother of his!

Wei Ying still can't believe it. Really, he still can't.

To think they would be sworn brothers. How did it happen?

...

Ah.

No.

Wei Ying know exactly how did it happens.

After all... it starts here.

Everything starts from here.

From Yiling.

To clarify...

“Hey, ge.” Wei Ying called out. “I am going to ask a question.”

It was a statement. Not a request.

“...does the term Sunshot Campaign sounds familiar to you?”

CLAT-TER!

The pot slipped from Wen Ruohan’s grasp and clattering on the floor. Soaking the floor and his shoes alike.

Wei Ying chuckles bitterly.

“I knew it. You have memories too, don’t you?”

The major difference between this life and that life.

People who were supposed to be dead were alive.

People who act differently than ones he remembers.

Relationships that not supposed to exist replaces the ones he thought was a certainty.

War that should happens never does.

When Wei Ying looking back at the memories, it was easy to pinpoint how did it happens.

After all, his memories only branched out after a certain point.

That Night Hunt in Yiling, seven years ago.

The first time he meets Wen Ruohan. Years earlier than the supposed timeline, in much different settings. The start of their interactions and friendship.

When Wen Ruohan turned to face him, his face was unreadable. “When did you remembers?”

“Only recently.”

To be exact, it was five days ago when he woke up in the Sun Palace, drenched with cold sweats and out of breath, as if he had been drowning, with mother of all migraine almost turned his brain into mush as he had to sort two sets of memories.

“...do you know why?”

“I’m... not sure.” Wei Ying last memory was being torn apart by fierce corpse. Now that he thinks about it... Wen Ruohan did say he mourns someone who was torn apart by fierce corpse...

They will have to talk about it once Wei Ying sorted out his thoughts.

“I think it has something to do with resentful energy.” That was the only thing he can think of, seeing Demonic Cultivation is whole new path and there’s a lot to explores.

“I see.” Wen Ruohan nodded. “What about it, then, if I remember and actively changing things?”

“Nothing.” Because there’s nothing Wei Ying can do.

Things already said and done.

He already swore oath of brotherhood with Wen Ruohan, an act that left everyone stupefied and in disbelief, especially when Wen Ruohan himself is the one who proposes it. That alone, associates him with the Wen Sect. No. To the Wen *Clan*. Not taking into account how the Wen Cultivators seems to be taken with him.

He was part of the Wen Clan, whether he likes it or not.

(He still feels weirded out by the fact that now, he’s technically Wen Chao’s *uncle*, if only by technicality.

and to think several days ago he tease the other one about this...)

“What are you gonna do now?”

Good question.

“To be honest... I don’t know.”

With his other memories, Wei Ying feels the dying loyalty to Jiang Sect strengthened, even if only marginally so and because Uncle Jiang, Shijie—he means, Jiang Yanli, and several of his deceased Shidi and Shimei are still alive in this continuity.

But not enough to erase the hurts he feels when they turned the other cheek when Madam Yu hurled one too many hurtful words that led to Wei Ying signed up his resignation form.

Neither the pain of betrayal when neither Uncle Jiang, Jiang Cheng, or Shijie who didn't do anything to stop her when they can. Uncle Jiang specifically.

or the realization that Jiang Cheng's love is entirely selfish one sided and not on Wei Ying's half. The sieve hammers that one home

The other memories also make things awkward.

Wen Chao and Wen Zhiliu aside, Wei Ying recognized many faces, people he killed in the war in the other timeline. People he kills without second thought and whose corpse he desecrates, just like child stepping on ants.

Not to mention Qing-jie and Wen Ning.

Living among dead people (who should be dead and not alive and most certainly should not welcomes him!) did not do his mental state any favor.

His habit to compartmentalize things and hold them until they blew up in his face did help it. But it won't last long.

After all, right now Wei Ying feels mentally drained.

"I... was thinking." He traces the pattern on the table. "About having a time for myself. An extended solo Night Hunt. Though I doubt I would do any night hunts."

"...would excuse looking for the immortal mountain works?"

"Huh?"

"Your mother come from the fabled hidden Immortal Mountain of Baoshan Sanren." Explained Wen Lin. "You could... use it as excuse. Trying to find links to your parents."

Wei Ying mulled about it.

Well,

He did lie to other Jiang Cheng about the location of Baoshan Sanren's mountain in the other timeline. He doesn't know where the hell that place is located. It's called fabled hidden mountain for reasons. But...

But it could work.

After all, if he returns empty handed, the worst he'll get is being laughingstock.

Not something he couldn't afford. He has Thick Face, after all.

"Yeah. And I can use excuse that recluse mountain may refuse me if I come with someone else. Which give me perfect excuse to rejects others from joining me." Wei Ying smiled.
"Thanks for the suggestion, ge."

Tension bleeds out from Wen Lin (his worst fears doesn't happens, that's good)

"You're welcome, Didi."

"Though, what would you do if I actually found the place?"

"Up for you. It was not like I can waltz in and demands things from Baoshan Sanren herself. I am arrogant not stupid."

"Thank you... for... everything." Wei Ying fiddles with his fingers. "You know. For not causing war. For caring to me. For being understanding. For... being decent human being."

"...Didi... I don't know what to felt about the last one."

End Notes

WRH & WY: Miscommunication? Not in our relationship.

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